

For Gout,
Rheumatism,
Neuralgia,
Sciatica,
bathe the parts af-
fected freely with
Perry Davis'
PAIN KILLER
Taking also a teaspoon-
ful in sugar and water
3 times a day, and
you'll get relief at
once and a
Cure
after faithful use of
this remedy.
Pain Killer
Cures
Coughs, Colds,
Sore Throat,
Diphtheria,
Frost Bite.



The Most Successful Remedy ever dis-
covered, and it is certain in its effects and does not
blister. Read proof below.

Office of Charles A. Snyder,

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Cleveland Bay and Trotting Breed Horses.

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PAT'S WISDOM.
Tim Doolan and his wife, wan night,
Were drinkin' av the crature,
Whin something started up a light,
And they went at it right an' tight,
According to their nature.
O'Grady and meself stood near,
Expecting bloody murder.
Says he to me: "Let's interfere."
But I pretending not to hear,
Moved off a little further.
"Lave off ye brute," says he to Tim;
"No man wud strike a lady."
But both the Doolans turned on him,
And in a whisk the two av thim
Were wallopin' O'Grady.
That night whin I was home, in bed,
Rememberin' this token,
I took the notion in my head
That the wisest word I ever said
Was the one that wasn't spoken.

Recalled to Life.

There are some seasons when the
graveyard seems peculiarly beautiful.
When hushed twilight wings her noise-
less way from heaven to wrap the
temples of the dead in her soft, trans-
parent drapery—or the pleasant moon
lights up the mossed graves, making
luminous the white sculptured marble
—it is sweet to march up the shaded
aisles of the slumberous city, and muse
upon the holy memories of the de-
parted.
The stars burn with lustre peculiar
to summer skies. A clear, mild atmos-
phere gave a refreshing elasticity to
my spirits. I wandered along I
scarcely knew where, and found my-
self, after a leisure walk, near the old-
fashioned burial ground at Dalston
Falls. I was a happy man; for having
that day received a diploma, I was
really and professionally an M. D.
What directed my steps to the rural
burying ground I cannot now tell, but
I believed at the time (I was romantic
and an enthusiast then) that some
mysterious agency shaped my course.
As I drew near the rustic gate was
open. The walks glittered in the
strong yellow light; the shadows leant
down from the trees and freed the
smooth gravel with quaint tracery;
the buds and flowers, grouped in dark
masses upon the gently curved mounds
(I knew they were buds and flowers,
for their fragrance betrayed them),
seemed whispering in their silent
language to the beautiful dead below.
In my youth I was fond of symboliz-
ing. Every inanimate thing had its
type in some ideal of oriental fancy.
This evening I felt particularly poeti-
cal. My imagination was as fertile—
yes, I thought as fertile as Milton's, if
my thoughts were not as grand or my
images sublime.
I sauntered carelessly along the side
where a hawthorn hedge twined its
firm tendrils together, dragging my
cane after me, and musing in a careless
reverie. Suddenly I paused. I leaned
by a huge, hoary elm, and closed my
eyes, as the magic breathing of a flute,
skiffily touched, floated through my
dreaming brain. As I look back it
seems to me that that was the most
blessed hour of my existence, for,
mingling with that plaintive melody,
came a gentle face, with sparkling
eyes, serene brow and cheeks just
crimsoned enough to resemble two pale
rose leaves flushing the purest snow.
O, how I loved that sweet May
Kendall! Loved! Forgetting my
God, I idolized her, and egotist that I
was, fancied that my unspoken pas-
sion was returned. But I will not
linger. In those few moments I was
pouring my very soul's depth and
fervor into the heart that I fondly
imagined—as youth will sometimes—
was in a sort of spiritual presence,
ever beside me.
My reverie was broken by the ap-
proach of a stranger, and a light, sil-
very laugh shut out the music of the
flute, for it was so like my love, May's
—so ringing, so joyous.
Presently, as a fine, manly form
drew nearer, I recognized the features
of one who had been my college mate
two years ago. I would have sprung
forward to meet him. His name was
Frederick, and he was a sight
arrested my attention that chilled my
blood and made my teeth chatter with
a sudden freezing fear. The two had
come almost beside me and there
stopped charmed with the sylvan spot.
The lady held her hat by the strings,
one arm was passed confidently through
that of her companion, and when she
turned her beaming face around to-
ward me (I was concealed by the
shadow) I recognized, in the full flood
of the moonlight—May Kendall!
I do not like, even at this late day,
to review the feelings that shook my
frame when I heard them murmur
such words of tenderness to each other
in subdued and happy tones. A death-
ly faintness came over me as I gath-
ered that their own lips the knowl-
edge that they were betrothed; and,
when that passed away, a fierce re-
venge sent the blood boiling through
my veins. I could have leaped upon
him, and demanded my May, my love,
without whom life would be a curse,
and the world a dread, dead blank.
But then by what right could I call
her mine? True, she had been most
kind to me, but never more than maid-
enly modesty might warrant toward
the most intimate friend. Now I knew
—God forgive me for the rage that
tugged at my heart-strings as I thought
of it—why she had talked to Fred-
erick. O, fool that I was not to com-
prehend before! She had smiled on
me because I was his college mate—
because I had ever some sweet recol-
lection to tell, some comely virtue of
his to praise; and blinded by my own
fondness, I fancied she loved me.
How I stood there, weak, passion-
ate and panting with the violence of
my emotions, even till I learned the
day when the wedding would take

place, I know not, for every nerve in
my body seemed changed to an instru-
ment of keen torture. Fortunately,
they did not pass me, but retraced their
steps; and I, bending low with almost
breaking heart, slowly left the pleasant
graveyard, now only a valley of dry
bones to me, and walked toward my
dwelling, too wretched to think de-
liberately, or feel all the crushing
weight of disappointment.
The next day, before sunrise, I was
on my way to a neighboring city. I
was in a strange tumult, that I knew
not but might prove fatal to me. I
was ready for almost any desperate
deed, and had, more than once—I
shudder as I think of it—contemplated
self-destruction. But I called philoso-
phy, nay, something higher, holier to
my aid—religion; and in time I be-
came soothed, if not comforted; that
is, after I knew May was irrevocably
wedded.
Two months passed. I deemed my-
self sufficiently fortified with good
resolutions to return once more to my
chosen place of residence. It was
high noon when I drove up the prin-
cipal street. A carriage dashed by me
—a light vehicle. In another moment
it had turned; and Frederick, May's
husband, was abreast. I involuntarily
drew in my horse. My friend's face
denoted anguish intense and concen-
trated.
"For God's sake, Dr. Lane, my
early friend, do not stop till you reach
Mrs. Kendall's! My May lies there—
sick—dying!" he gasped.
How ashy pale he was! My face
blanched. I felt a singular tremor.
He dashed ahead, neither speaking;
and in fifteen minutes I stood by the
couch of the young bride. That was
an awful hour. At its close I pressed
her white eyelids over her dull, glazed
eyes. Ah, heaven! thought I, kneeling
with an aching heart, can such
beauty be dead? And still, for all
there was triumph in the feeling—triumph
until I beheld the awful grief
of the bereaved husband—saw the big
drops bead like blood his pale, broad
forehead—almost forced him from the
inanimate body to which he hung with
the grasp of despair, clasping her to
his bosom—kissing the white lips, the
whiter cheeks, even the gold locks that
lay damp and uncared over her shoul-
ders.
And when I left that house of
mourning, was it not strange the calm-
ness I felt settling over my spirits?
Could this thought, even in the faintest
tracery, pass through my mind at such
a time? "Well, she is not mine; and
neither is she his. I am glad that, as
she could not be mine only, none but
death can claim her now."
I fear, had conscience rightly
applied her torch, she might have read
those scathing words written on the
crimson portals of my heart.
The next day I went over to be pre-
sent at the funeral service, and still I
felt that sorrowful happiness. Poor
Frederick was at times raving, then
stupid with his great grief. The
mourners assembled; the beautiful
dead lay robed in satin in her coffin;
already the large parlor was filled with
weeping friends. I took my station at
the head of the corpse. With unutter-
able tenderness, yet without a tear, I
gazed upon that heavenly countenance.
It looked not like stern death, but soft
and smiling slumber. They were all
her young companions present, village
maidens, robed in white, whose silvery
voices joined in a simple funeral song.
But, O! how those voices wavered,
trembled, until tears and sobs choked
out their music, and one mournful,
heart-rending wail sounded through
the room.
At last the hoary headed man of
God arose to pray. Never heard I a
petition so mournfully tender, so sim-
ple, so powerful. How gently he
spoke of her youth and goodness; the
circumstances under which God was
pleased to call her, just as it were,
standing on the threshold of her happy
life, and looking toward the rose-
colored future!
I still kept my place at the head of
the coffin. My eyes full of tears now,
never once moved from that holy
face.
Was it fancy? I thought the dear
features grew dim. My sight was
failing, or—I bent closer to the corpse:
I drew back, wiped my eyes, looked
again. God of mercy! God of com-
passion! what sent a wild shock
through my frame, and struck my
brain as with a wand of fire? I recoiled.
I fell almost upon the coffin. There
was a moisture on the glass—moisture
that, when I applied my sleeve, would
not come off—moisture upon the inside
of the glass.
As was customary every face was
bowed toward the earth in prayer.
What must I do? There were fear-
ful risks to run. My knees trembled
and knocked together; my heart beat
against my side till my body rocked
like a pendulum. The voice of the
pastor whistled in my ear. Each mo-
ment was an hour; and yet—the con-
flict—the horrible temptation warring
with my better nature came again. It
was awful!—awful! If I kept my
silence she was still the bride of death;
and as much mine as another's; if I
spoke she was again the wife of my
rival.
I dare not recall some of my emo-
tions now. I could not have been my-
self when that fiendish temptation be-
set me, and whispered me to let the
dark grave claim her, if I might not.
The perspiration welled up from
every pore, but the agony was passed.
I could have throttled the old pastor
that he did not cease, yet I feared for
the life of the poor husband should he
know the truth too suddenly. There
was a tingling from my head to my
fingers' ends. I shook like an aspen
leaf.
"Amen!" O, how I thanked God
for that sound! I clung to the coffin
for one moment, weak and helpless as
an infant.

The chief mourners were called first,
that they might be spared the shock of
beholding the dear one borne out be-
fore their eyes. The poor husband
tattered out, supported on each side.
What were my feelings as he passed
me? Next moment the sobbing mother.
Now was my time.
"Quick! friends! neighbors!" I
gasped. "Call the sexton in! Now,
man, off with the coffin lid! For
God's sake, delay not! She is not
dead!"
I rather shrieked than said the last
words.
The change that came over that as-
sembly! Many swooned away—a
crowd rushed to the coffin—I pressed
them back—the hand of the under-
taker trembled—screw after screw fell
rattling to the floor—my head beat
dull and heavy with the excitement of
hope and fear.
The coffin top was thrown aside.
In my arms I bore the fair creature to
a couch. As I returned for a moment,
I saw her only sister—a girl of six-
teen—standing as if riveted to the
floor, her cheeks hollow and ghastly,
her eyes fixed and frightfully glaring.
I seized her by the arm, but she stirred
not. I shook her rudely, saying:
"Unless you help me, Marie, she will
really die! Quick! come, cut off her
grave clothes! She must not see them
—must never know of this!"
The girl sighed, shivered—then,
with a wild, unnatural burst of laugh-
ter, roused herself from her stupor.
Then, as suddenly, a flood of tears
came to her relief. All was right now.
She followed me into the next room,
untied the white satin ribbon that con-
fined the delicate wrists, unloosened
the linen bands on her breast, so that
by the time the young bride opened
her eyes she was lying as if she had
sought her bed for pleasant slumber.
And now, the most terrible excite-
ment over, I breathed freely. And yet
another important task remained to be
accomplished. By my orders the poor
husband had been briefly informed
that the ceremony would be detained a
moment. He was so distracted with
his grief that all news was alike to
him. They fed him where they liked.
He sat in a little room just across the
entry; so deadened were all his senses
he had not heard the confusion.
I went in, closed the door and stood
beside him. He glanced up but once,
then buried his face in his hands with
an unearthly moan that went to my
very soul. Oh, such joy, such pure,
exquisite joy as flooded my whole be-
ing as I felt what a heaven I should
soon awake him to! Only angels can
tell how sweet it is to bring blessings
to the wayworn and hope to the de-
sponding.
"Frederick," said I, placing my arm
around his neck, "my dear fellow."
"Don't try to comfort me, doctor,"
his broken voice responded; "my heart
is torn up by the roots."
What should I next say? A thought
occurred to me.
"Do you remember what Christ said
about the little maid? 'She is not
dead, but sleepeth.'"
My peculiar accent, my intonation,
struck him instantly. He shook sud-
denly and raised his trembling hands,
while a strange expression shot over
his face. There were tears in my
eyes, but I smiled broad through them
at the same time; I tried to command
my voice, as I stammered, "Did you
—did you ever hear of people falling
into trances?—and—"
He sprang to his feet, clinched his
hands, breathed hard through his shut
teeth. His eyes glittered.
"What!" he cried, comprehending
the hopeful faces looking in upon us;
"dead?—in a trance?—laid out?—
buried?—alive—alive!—Great God!
Do you tell me she lives?—my May?—
who gasped in my arms?—laid out on
this bosom? Oh, have mercy!—don't
mock me!"
He staggered against me, almost
helpless.
"Frederick," I cried, tears raining
down my cheeks, "she lives! she lives!
your precious May is saved!"
Another second and I was in his
arms, he dancing deliriously round
with me.
"God, bless you! God bless you!"
he cried.
"Oh, it is too beautiful, too good!
My dear God how I thank thee!" And
he lifted his streaming eyes heaven-
ward. "Let me see her," he continued,
looking my arm in his. "I will be
calm—very calm. And, doctor," he
exclaimed, "if at any time my life will
buy you a precious boon, it is yours."
He did not dream, poor fellow, that
he had been my rival.
The mother hung over her child, the
husband bent over his bride, full of
thanksgivings. She, with her blue
eyes moving languidly, but fondly
from one to the other, whispered: "I
am better, stronger. I shall soon be
well again. I have been ill so long."
Frederick kissed her white brow in
reply, and smothered his sobs in the
pillow. And then I left them, a hap-
pier being—a better man!
May and her husband still live, a
fond, beautiful pair, even now.
I am an old bachelor; but have the
satisfaction of knowing I rescued her
I loved from the grave.
A Young Monarch.
One of the youngest monarchs in the
world is King Thantai of Annam.
He is 9 years of age, very precocious,
and fully conscious of the importance
of his position. He is solemn and
thoughtful, disdains all childish sports,
and spends all of his time in the se-
clusion of his palace, studying, con-
versing with aged counselors, and
poring over books and manuscripts.
He is learning Chinese and French,
and shows remarkable aptitude in the
acquisition of foreign tongues. He is
very arbitrary and exacting, and his
teachers stand in great awe of him.
New York World.

Six Short Love Stories.
Adam Kengle and Augusta Kraut-
bauer, of Minnesota, were to have
been married October 15. In an un-
guarded moment Adam swore at a
Sunday school picnic. Augusta fainted
and was sick for some days in con-
sequence, being delirious most of the
time. She swore most awful oaths
while out of her head and her father
suspected Adam of having used such
language constantly in her presence and
the wedding is declared off.
Mary Hall and James Flanders, of
Ironton, Missouri, had never met until
the afternoon of October 9. Their
meeting was accidental. Mary slipped
and would have fallen while crossing
the street if James' strong arm had not
upheld her. As he grasped her both
were thrilled. An acquaintance was
soon struck up and at 9 o'clock that
night they were married. Mary re-
grets the incident very much.
Esther Stevenson fell in love with
Thomas Newcombe, a clerk in her
father's business house in Olathe, Kan-
sas. Thomas was willing, but poor
and youthful. He was but 19 and
Esther was 27. Esther eloped with
him, having provided herself with
funds from her father's pocketbook
without his consent. Thomas is now
in jail, and Esther is on a visit to
friends in Montana.
John St. Georges of Florida and
Emily Lacine of Louisiana never met
until they had been married a month.
The engagement and courtship was by
letter. The marriage was by tele-
graph, in order that the bride could
execute certain documents in New
Orleans as Mrs. St. Georges without
having to return. It took a month to
get the business transacted and reach
her husband. The latter says he is
tolerably well satisfied with his bar-
gain, but thinks his wife lied about
her age and sent him some other girl's
picture.
Terence O'Hara and Bridget
O'Rourke lived in adjoining houses at
Painted Post, New York, for thirteen
years. They loved, were married, and
have lived together seven years, but
have never spoken a word to each
other. Both are deaf and dumb and
Terence is blind. Bridget can not
smell very well, but their three chil-
dren have full possession of their
senses.
It is not William Peterson's fault
that he is single. He lives in Iowa,
and has tried to elope four times. His
last attempt was coupled with the ro-
bbery of his prospective father-in-law.
William is in jail, his adored is in
tears, and her father in high spirits.
William will remain single for some
time.
A Woman Marries a Woman.
An extraordinary story, first publish-
ed in a Vienna newspaper and then
generally disbelieved, has since been
confirmed in every particular, says a
dispatch from Vienna to the London
Standard. "A young man calling
himself Count Sander Vay, who pre-
tended to have fallen out with his
family in Hungary, married last
August a teacher at Klagenfurt, aged
twenty-seven, daughter of an Inspector
of Woods and Forests there. The
marriage took place on a lonely farm
in Hungary, a certain Father Imre of-
ficiating at the wedding ceremony.
"The newly-married couple lived
together for some time, and afterward
visited the girl's parents in Klagen-
furt, where the father-in-law was con-
stantly deuced by the alleged Count.
Quarrel arose, and ultimately it turned
out that the young Count's tales of him-
self were all inventions. The persons he
referred to were imaginary, and the
Inspector was convinced he was a
swindler. Something still stranger,
and indeed unparalleled, soon came to
light. Ere long it was found that the
so-called Count was in reality a wo-
man of thirty-six, the Countess Sarolta
Vay, daughter of the late Colonel of
Honveds, Count Ladislav Vay, one
of whose daughters, named Sarolta,
had been educated as a boy.
"All her life she had worn male at-
tire, and recently had appeared in the
uniform of the Honveds. She pub-
lished a collection of poems under the
name Sander, and associated with
young men, who were not in the se-
cret, in many amusements. From
Pesth, where eccentricities of that sort
are hardly a rarity, she disappeared
about a year ago, after which she was
not again heard of till her arrest, on
the demand of her nominal father-in-
law at Klagenfurt. It is probable that
Father Imre was not a priest, and that
the girl, in going through the form of
marriage, only executed another eccen-
tricity in order to procure money, of
which she was greatly in need."

The Electric Telegraph Not a New Idea.
Joseph Glanville, sometimes called
"Sadducismus Triumphatus Glanville,"
rector of Bath from 1666 to 1672, was
a learned writer upon abstruse and
mystical subjects, but in a style of
which it is not always easy to catch the
meaning. In one of his treatises, called
"The Vanity of Dogmatizing," printed
in 1661, chapter xxi., he is speaking of
"supposed impossibilities, which may
not be so." In the concluding sentence
of the following passage he seems to
have anticipated the electric telegraph:
"But yet to advance another instance.
That men should confer at very distant
removes by an extemporary intercourse
is a reputed impossibility; but yet there
are some hints in natural operations
that give us probability that 'tis feasi-
ble, and may be compassed without
unwarrantable assistance from demoni-
cal correspondence. That a couple
of needles equally touched by the same
magnet, being set in two dials exactly
proportioned to each other, and cir-
cumscribed by the letters of the alpha-
bet, may effect this 'magnale' [i.e., im-
portant result], hath considerable
authorities to avouch it.
"The manner of it is thus repre-
sented. Let the friends that would
communicate take each a dial, and,
having appointed a time for their sym-
pathetic conference, let one move his
impregnate needle to any letter in the
alphabet, and its affected fellow will
precisely respect the same. So that
would I know what my friend would
acquaint me with, 'tis but observing
the letters that are pointed at by my
needle, and in their order transcribing
them from their sympathized index, as
its motion directs; and I may be as-
sured that my friend described the
same with his, and that the words on
my paper are of his inditing. Now,
though there will be some ill-contri-
vance in a circumstance of this inven-
tion, in that the thus impregnate
needles will not move to, but avert
from each other (as ingenious Dr.
Browne hath observed), yet this can-
not prejudice the main design of this
way of secret conveyance; since it is
but reading counter to the magnetic in-
former, and noting the letter which is
most distant in the Abecedarian circle,
from that which the needle turns to,
and the case is not altered.
"Now, though this desirable effect
possibly may not yet answer the ex-
pectations of inquisitive experiment,
yet 'tis no despicable item, that by
some other such way of magnetic ef-
ficiency, it may hereafter with success
be attempted, when magical history
shall be enlarged by riper inspections;
and 'tis not unlikely but that present
discoveries might be improved to the
performance."—Bath Chronicle.
Stanley's Last Achievement.
In the history of exploration and ad-
venture few things are more memora-
ble than the dispatch lately received
from Stanley announcing that he and
Emin Pasha are well advanced upon
their journey to the east coast of
Africa. It is almost a quarter of a
century since, to the amazement and
admiration of the world, a man pre-
viously unknown undertook to find
Livingstone, and found him. Of the
career thus begun it was a fitting
crown that Stanley should determine
to rescue Emin, and should trium-
phantly fulfil his purpose.
We had learned from former dis-
patches that when Stanley, after ac-
complishing the long and difficult as-
cent of the Congo and one of its main
affluents, first encountered Emin Pasha,
the latter was unwilling to forsake the
equatorial province which his self
devotion had carved out of the heart
of Africa. Although cut off from
Europe by the capture of Khartoum,
Emin Pasha continued faithfully to
humanize and civilize the people com-
mitted to his care, and he had up to
that time succeeded in protecting them
from Mahdist aggression. Should he
abandon them he knew that they would
speedily relapse into savagery and be
new subjected to slave-hunting devas-
tation. He would stay at his post,
therefore—so he told Stanley—as long
as there was work for him to do.
It is fortunate that Stanley did not
take the man, whom he had come to
rescue, at his word. Had he done so,
and returned to Europe by way of the
Congo, we now know that Emin must
have shared the fate of Gordon. He
retraced his steps, however, only as far
as the place where he had left a large
deposit of arms and ammunition with
his rear guard. Once possessed of
these resources, Stanley hastened back
to the last surviving representative of
the Khedive's authority in Central
Africa, but found that in his absence
Emin had been made a prisoner by
some of his own men, and that the
ferocious Mahdists were advancing up
the Nile.
Both rescuer and rescued deserve
the homage of the world. The high
aim of Emin's self-consecrating labors
and the brilliant gallantry of Stanley's
achievement will shine forth on the
dark background to which, it is too
probable, the heart of Africa is now
condemned for many years.
Austrian Opinion of American Women.
American women, if they are not
always beautiful, at least know how to
make themselves appear so. Nowhere
have I ever seen so many beautiful
women as in America, including even
old women with white hair. The native
American girl, especially if of English
or Scotch descent, is large and slender,
generally blonde, with regular features
and remarkably small hands and feet.
The complexion is often pale; rarely
do they have the fresh color of a Vien-
nese girl. The most beautiful girl I
have ever come across in my life I saw
in a New York store. She was an
American of Spanish descent, of a lit-
erally dazzling beauty, such as I had
never before encountered in life or
on canvas. The happiest marriages
are those of American men to German
women.